Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I hold it not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes his replyes are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which reason and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildensterne and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Ros.

Ros. God save your sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou
Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fo
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the m

Guyl. Faith her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true
pet. What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne hon

Ham. Then is Doomes-day neere: but your
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make yo

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in tha
you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too dear
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? i
tion? come, come, deale justly with me, come, co

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were se
is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your
not craft enough to colour: I know the good Ki
have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me co
rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of o
obligation of our ever preserved love, and by wh
better proposer can charge you withall, bee even
me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eie of you, if you love
Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipati
discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Que